



Night & Day



light

darkness

dicotomy

368 67 42

Chapter 1 by Phantim

They say the world used to turn. They say that night would follow day in an endless dance. They say that dawn rose, dusk fell, and we worshiped both sun and stars.

That was a long time ago.

The dance has died. The world has fallen still. We float through the heavens, one half always in light, one half always in shadow. Like the moth of our forests, one wing white and the other black, we are torn.

My people are the fortunate. We live in daylight, blessed in the warmth of the sun. Yet across the line, the others lurk in eternal night, afraid... and alone in the dark.

I was born in the light. Now I was being sent into darkness.

Chapter 2 by R



I am not a soldier. I am not a diplomat. I am a sacrifice.

The other side, they may fear the light, but we fear the shadow just as much. Once every year, a member from the other side crosses the line into our custody of our government.

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There is nothing to be afraid of. I have been told that so many times. I am not the smartest, or the strongest - of all the candidates in the military academy, I am above average at best, mediocre at worst. I am not being sent over because I am skilled in espionage and can report what i see back. I am not being sent because I am brave enough to handle it. I have no use, no unique talent, and no family to miss me.

To put it simply, I am disposable.

I was given only one mission before I was sent to walk in to the darkness, at the awaited spot -

Surveill if you can. Survive if you can. But above all else, do nothing to anger relations with those on the other side.

And with a heart not fully accepting but one that is resigned, I step forward in to the dark.

Chapter 3 by Caroline Merkel



My eyes are not prepared for the dark. What a benign thing to consider, when I'm facing possibly the greatest peril of my life. But truly, I cannot see anything.

My ears are not so incapacitated. Within seconds I hear gentle rumbling, the hissing of suppressed laughter. It's no secret I'm being watched, scanned from all angles.

My muscles are tense. All that training molded me into a "passable" soldier, but now I'm just the bait. Yet I can't turn off the part of me that has become so instinctively built up to react. I'm just here to satisfy the people of the dark. I'm here to show that the Light still has hope for the Others. I'm here to try and understand the Others, and maybe, if I'm lucky, I'll survive a year and be able to tell the people of the Light all about my experiences. That's the deal. If I can stay alive for a year, I get to go home. That might not seem so bad...except no one's returned yet. Somehow I doubt I'm going to be the first.

"I'm here!" I yell, frustrated at the constant laughter mocking me from all sides. "Come and do

your worst, why don't you? I'm not a diplomat, I'm a sacrifice. So come do some freaky sacrificial ritual, let's go!" I throw my government issued knife on the ground beside me, next to my small pack of clothes and what I've managed to pack that I'm never getting out, so if you're going to kill me, rip me apart,

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"Is that really what you think of us?" My eyes have started to adjust, but I do a double take nonetheless when I see who's addressing me. My mouth hangs open in utter astonishment, as my preconceived notions of the Dark disappear in a matter of milliseconds.

Chapter 4 by eye beholderz



"M-Mr. Odell?" I stuttered in disbelief. The man in front of me, still largely cloaked in darkness was only vaguely recognizable but his distinctly deep but lazy voice rang up a torrent of high school memories that confirmed his identity. He was my High School Physical Education instructor, sent across the barrier in my Junior Year. "You're alive."

Mr. Odell was the last man you'd expect to survive the Sunless side. He was slightly Overweight, old and clumsy. Any of the youthful athleticism that qualified him to be a Physical Educator had long been eroded over the decade he had been teaching. No one expected him to last a month but here he was, five years later.

"Rowe Thomson." He said in a voice that gave me flash backs to high school role taking.

"Mr. Odell you are alive!" My eyes widened as I realized the implications of his survival. " Look, I haven't been here long. The light side is less than a day's run from here. I can lead the way. We can-"

"Rowe-" He tried to interrupt my mumbling.

"- get out here. You'd be the first. You'd be a hero. I get to survive. We get to see the sun again Mr. Odell."

"Rowe." Mr. Odell forcefully grabbed both my shoulders and startled me silent. " I know."

"Then why haven't you returned?"

"I didn't want to leave. Everyone is alive Rowe. Everyone stayed."

I didn't understand.

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Chapter 5 by eye beholderz

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I didn't understand why anyone would stay. I didn't understand how anyone could have survived in such a place "W-what do you mean?" I said "Why would anyone

choose to stay here?" I said while I looked around my surroundings.

He looked at me with an unreadable expression and slowly shook his head "Everything is a lie Rowe, everything was made up. The Government lied to all of us" I shook my head and began to say "No no you're obviously confused Mr. Odell they brainwashed you here and-"

"STOP" he yelled " I slowly backed away from him "Stop speaking of things you know nothing of!" he said breathing heavily trying to calm himself down while I just stood still frozen in my spot

"You speak of brainwash?..." He says as he begins to laugh

"Mr. Odell I-"

"The Government is the one brainwashing all of us" He cuts me off

"I'm sorry sir but-"

"NO! you can even ask your mother if you don't believe me"

"My mother is dead Mr. Odell-" I say but he shook his head and softly said

" Turn around Rowe.."

Chapter 6 by Magic for the Damned



I gape at the woman standing in front of me. The same dark hair. The familiar blue eyes. The same eyes I have stared at each morning for as long as I could remember.

"No! Impossible! My mother is dead!" I yell, not willing to believe what is in front of my eyes.

"Angel," She begins to speak.

"No! You imposter! You can't be her!" Tears begin to streak down my cheeks. "My mother is dead! She couldn't have been waiting over here this entire time, or surely...surely..."

I lose my voice as I remember all the times the other kids had made fun of me in school. All those times when the counselor or the drill sergeant didn't understand what it meant there was nobody they could contact.

I look back at the woman in front of me. "There's no way you are my mother," I spit out with venom, "because a true mother would have found a way to save me to the world!"

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She shakes from the accusation. "You're wrong," she says. "I am your mother." Mr Odell moves quickly in front of her and with rage in his voice, replies.

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"Rowe, stop this right now." He glared at me with fire in his eyes. "This is not your mother's fault. You should know better than anyone that the Government of the light is darker than any individual living in the shadows.

"We never could go back to the light. Out of everyone we sent over to the side of the light, how many do you think came back?"

"That's because they chose to stay in the light!" I retorted, and was instantly rebuked by Mr. Odell.

"And have you ever *seen* one from the darkness living in the light?"

I shake. "No." I whimpered.

"That's because they all *died*, Rowe. They were all murdered."

Chapter 7 by Hannah Weinstein



My legs tremble with a feeling like rage, though with more fear and confusion. I desperately want to scream and collapse against the cold desolate Earth, untouched by sunlight for decades, allowing my entire existence to fade into an effortless sleep. But now I need answers, answers to these questions that my mind scrambles to uncover.

"Sir," I begin once my breathing is controlled, "why would those sacrificed to the Light be killed off?"

I see my mother wince as the word 'killed' leaves my mouth. A wave of pain surges through my temples, the smell of windblown ash and burning trash filling my head. A dim glow in the distance burns brighter as my eyes further adjust to this foreign absence of light.

"W-we're not quite sure," Mr. Odell finally confesses. "When I was sent here, I discovered the open acceptance of the Dark. They received me, taught me the unjust fate of their sacrificed people to the Light."

At that, my supposed mother erupts in a fit of agonized sobs.

Chapter 8 by



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I am still unsure about the whole thing. I still feel like I'm still being alive and all.

Something just doesn't seem

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In the dark and shadowy distance I can hear heavy breathing and leaves crunching under the pounding feet of someone approaching. I see my mother's head jerk up and her hand wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Sir! Come quickly!" The man yelled in gasps, falling upon his knees to catch his breath. "The... The Light is coming closer!"

Mr. Odell hearing this, ran over to the messenger and grabbed his shoulder.

But in an instant, all of were stricken blind and clutching at our throats. We could see nothing but an intense white light. We could feel nothing but a scorching from some radioactive heat. And we could do nothing but grasp frantically at our necks in an attempt to relieve ourselves from the choking grip of some force.

The last words I heard before incineration, were that of Mr. Odell. "We were wrong, we were *all* wrong!"

the end

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